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For the LADY'S MAGAZINE.

Strictures on the present Musical Entertainments of the Theatre.

MUSIC is one of the primitive accomplishments of man. The melody of the groves which surrounded him, could not fail of making an early impression on a being who was formed for the most refined sensation. This consciousness of pleasure, soon led him from admiring to imitate, and thus form resources within himself, of an enjoyment at once so innocent and pleasing. Although at this early period, music was rude as the society in which it existed, its influence on the mind, was far from being unknown. The untutored Bard sang the exploits of his forefathers, or mourned over the urn of a departed hero. He breathed enthusiasm into the warrior's bosom; *he* wove the laurels of the Conqueror, or immortalized the memory of the fallen. But as yet, his strains were rather harsh than melodious, and destitute of that enchanting softness, which is the boast of the present day.

As rudeness gradually disappeared under the polish of long association; the mind expanded, and her sensibilities became quick and animated. The boisterous courage of the savage, yielded to a firm and collected fortitude, pity took the place of ferocity, and the softer passions triumphed in the bosom. It was now that Music began to wear the garb of System. As her powers became better known,

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she received a more honourable attention, and rendered more general services to society. The fields of battle, or the tombs of the fallen, were not the only Theatres of her powers—she wandered through the whole Empire of passion, and inspired the tender as well as the strong, the melting as well as the bold idea.

From our remotest traditions of the *Drama*, Music appears to have been considered as essential to its success. The earliest revival of the Dramatic Muse, commenced with the exhibition of sacred Comedy, Mysteries, and Miracles. The first of these, which was performed in England, is mentioned by Shakespear to have been Saint Catharine; written by Geoffry, a Norman, who according to Doctor Percy and Mr. Wharton lived in the year 1110. The latter of the above Authors, in his history of English poetry remarks, that Music was then introduced into the Churches, which were made use of as Theatres by the Ecclesiastics, and that it invariably accompanied the dramatic exhibitions of the Monks.

At this infant period of the drama, its patrons therefore, appear to have been sensible of the aid, which language and action derive from appropriate harmony, and so strong was the sense of its importance, that in the pantomimic entertainments, language was altogether omitted; as music and gesture were found of themselves, to make a *more* animated, and *as* lasting an impression. Upon the introduction of a division into acts, the pauses which necessarily occurred, between the falling and rising of the curtain, required some intervening charms, which should preserve the tenor of the mind, and prepare it for the succeeding scene. This circumstance opened to Music a field peculiarly adapted to her sway. But in the arrangement of *our* Theatres the selection of the airs, appears to defeat rather than promote the views with which they were originally introduced, and to counteract the effects of the best written Tragedies.

The grand object of the tragic muse is to engage our warmest interest. He would transfer into our bosoms, the wishes and the fears, the joys or the sorrows of his hero. To this every effort of his genius is directed, and to this every circumstance of the exhibition should certainly contribute. Betrayed by his art into a pleasing delusion, we lose sight of ourselves, and live only in the person of some favourite character. Every sensibility is waking; every pulse flutters with anxiety; every sympathy vibrates to the vicissitudes of his fortune—the act closes—we see

the curtain drop with regret, and wait with an almost breathless suspense, the recommencement of the scene. But instead of those soul inspiring strains, which should melt to extacy and love, which should cherish the tender emotion, and fan the kindled passions, we are shocked by some frantic *Italian* air, as licentious as the genius of its country, and as discordant to the mournful feelings. Our interest vanishes, and our passions immediately relapse into coolness and indifference. This is as unfavourable to the success of the muse, as it is grating to those who value sensibility. What would be Shakspear's astonishment, were he seated in one of our Theatres, to hear from the orchestra immediately after his inimitable dagger scene, the mysteriously solemn strains of *Yankee-Doodle* to please the *gallery!* Or after the mournful death of his Desdemona, a hornpipe or a country-dance! Would he not smile at our inconsistency, in the application of the powers of Music?

New York, Jan. 29, 1802. A. L. B.

(To be continued.)

ON FRANKNESS.

FRANKNESS of temper is one of the most amiable lineaments of the mind, yet many persons imagine that bluntness of disposition is synonymous, which perhaps is one reason that some censure it. Men of this temper frequently experience unpleasant sensations,—they are often the sport of deceit, and of sarcasm. To speak in an undisguised manner our real sentiments, is manly and pleasing, but to speak in obedience to the impulses of our feelings, is sometimes rude, and disgusting. The man of frankness will refuse an improper solicitation, or one with which he cannot comply, without hesitation and without asperity; the blunt man will deny a similar request, but the coarse manner will give an additional poignancy to disappointment.

In our commerce with men, degrees of restraint upon such a disposition are necessary. If, as some will tell us, every individual is selfish and dissimulating, it is proper, in order to avoid being the dupes of credulity, to cherish the same suspicion of one man as of another. If this doctrine be just, how must the ingenuous heart of virtue be afflict-

ed! What! must one of our associates through life be that ever-watchful unhappy wretch Suspicion, and merely that we may never be deceived? No, rather let us sometimes be deceived than adopt such ungenerous sentiments.

As man was formed for society, it is necessary he should conform, in a certain degree, to the manners of the world; it does not degrade his character when he restrains a spirit of raillery, which few can bear without anger, or checks those sentiments of merited reproof, which few can receive without resentment.

Frankness is no enemy to politeness, it rather gives the last graceful stroke that finishes the character. The undisguised countenance of a frank man pleases and enlivens the heart with as much power as when contemplating the beauty of an unclouded day.

The Frank man is an ardent friend, and an open enemy. Those he dislikes he scorns in secret to calumniate; he tells them personally of their treachery, and of their vices, they may be astonished at his intrepidity, but they must ultimately approve.

A pupil of Lord Chesterfield would pity the man who embraced such sentiments, and with some plausibility, for even with our most intimate friends it requires courage to acquaint them of their faults; reproof, however softened, is like a dagger thrust into the heart; the generality of men will not bear sincerity; hence refined dissimulation and delusive flattery are encouraged, and those who boast of discernment and of wisdom, often fall blind victims at the shrine of folly.

On almost every occasion, individual or public, to act with frankness is to be recommended; instead of diffuseness, tediousness, and sophistry in negociation, it would, like a pioneer, remove every obstruction that impeded the progress of reconciliation.

To the OVER-REFINED, frankness may prove disgusting. Virtue, alas! without the graces, has with the world but small attractions; it may excite approbation—not esteem. But no man of real sense would depreciate the value of a diamond because in its native dress it possesses no marked brilliancy.

J. S.

THE MONK OF THE GROTTO.

(Continued from page 328, of vol. 2.)

THE day was dark and rainy; a greyish tint overspread the country, and rendered every object as gloomy as the soul of Virginia. The carriage proceeded slowly along a cross road which led towards the eastern part of the Dutchy of Urbino, where stood the Abbey of San Cipriano. The innocent victim of her mother's ambition, devoting herself to the austerities of a cloistered retreat, experienced the highest degree of impatience to arrive at the place where she was for ever to bury her beauty, the brilliant hopes of her life, and pronounce, at the foot of the altar, the irrevocable oath of renouncing her love.

The Marchioness paid her every attention, caressed her, and endeavoured to amuse her thoughts by drawing an agreeable picture of the Abbey of San Cipriano, and the tranquil life she would pass there.

Virginia heaved a deep sigh.

"Yes, my dear child," continued the Marchioness, "when time shall have assuaged your grief—when you shall have become sensible of the vanities of this world, your reason will approve of that step, which is now perhaps dictated by a too refined sensibility."

The voice of the Marchioness faultered while she was speaking of the vanities of the world. Virginia fixed her eyes upon her, and her penetrating look added to her confusion; she blushed, held down her head, and remained for some moments silent.

"Pardon," said she at length, "the trouble which overwhelms me; I would have persuaded you that you would have perhaps found tranquility when removed from those objects which formed the first affections of your heart; but my own feelings at that moment convinced me of the difficulty of the task. It seems to me, my dearest Virginia, that my sincere affection towards you becomes more ardent, in proportion as the period approaches which is to separate us; and I reposed too much confidence in my own fortitude when I spoke to you with such affected indifference of the passion that inspires your bosom."

Virginia clasped the hand of the Marchioness, and pressed it to her lips, then held it to her heaving breast. She remained several minutes in this attitude; then leaning backwards in the carriage, concealed her countenance beneath her veil, and preserved a profound silence till they stopped at an inn on the road to dine.

"Are we at length arrived?" said she, attentively surveying every object around her.

"No," replied the Marchioness, "we have fifteen miles further to go. The Abbey of San Cipriano is behind the mountain you see to your left, and we shall be some hours before we reach it."

Virginia refused to take the least refreshment, nor would she even descend from the carriage; her eyes were stedfastly fixed towards the mountain which concealed her eternal retreat. As she approached it, her countenance became more animated, her eyes shone with supernatural brilliancy; her whole figure appeared so lovely and interesting, that the Marchioness herself could not avoid experiencing a sentiment of admiration.

"What a pity!" thought she for a moment; but that moment, like a sudden flash of lightning, burst on her imagination, and instantly vanished in the dark recesses of a heart, where ambition, avarice, and envy had established their empire.

The chaise descended a deep valley—cypress trees bordered on the right and left, a path narrow and difficult of access. The setting sun gilded their towering branches, while their far-extended shadows imparted a more gloomy tint to the verdure, before darkened by their foliage. The profound silence which reigned throughout the place was only interrupted by the rustling of the boughs that overhung the road, and were agitated by the chaise as it passed along, and by the distant sound of a bell, whose monotonous vibration faintly repeated by the echoes, imparted to the soul a degree of melancholy sadness, which even the Marchioness was unable to resist.

Plunged in a profound reverie, she was only recalled from it by the voice of Virginia, who asked her whether an immense building she perceived at the end of an avenue of poplars to the right, was the Abbey of San Cipriano.

"We shall be there immediately," answered the Marchioness. "The building you see is a Convent of Celestins, which is but a short distance from it."

The Marchioness had scarce done speaking, when the chaise, after a short turn, stopped before a large iron gate, which discovered to the eyes of Virginia the whole front of the Abbey of San Cipriano. After having passed the spacious court, planted with trees, which decorated the entrance of the monastery, the Marchioness and Virginia descended opposite the door of the cloister.

Two of the portresses conducted them to the superb apartment of the Lady Abbess, who soon made her appearance, and received her sister, as well as Virginia, in the most tender and affectionate manner; but when she learned that that lovely creature had come in order to consecrate to Heaven a life for which, according to every appearance, the world possessed so many charms, an expression of the most tender concern was painted on her countenance, and she was unable to repress an involuntary sigh.

Virginia, moved by this mute language of the heart, experienced towards the Abbess an emotion of affection to which she had for some time been a stranger; she admired her figure, characterized by an expression of dignity, mildness, and religion; and felt herself affected by that peculiar tint of melancholy, and air of resignation which, impressed on all her features, imparted to them an inexpressible charm.

The Abbess invited her, as well as the Marchioness, to the interior of the monastery. Virginia was seized with an unaccountable terror at the sound of the iron bolts and bars which secured the gates; and when she heard them close, she thought within herself—never, never would they be open again to her!

As she traversed the gloomy cloisters and immense vaults, beneath which her steps re-echoed, she perceived several of the Nuns, who were attracted by curiosity to that part of the Convent through which she passed; they seemed like airy shades, flitting before her astonished sight. Every object was new and interesting, and made a deep impression upon her soul.

The Abbess and the Marchioness conducted her to those places which most merited her attention: the twilight prevented her judging of the beauty of a spacious garden, whose majestic trees extended to the base of a long ridge of mountains which seemed to form their ramparts; but she remarked, with a melancholy pleasure, a grove of cypress, where she determined often to meditate on the new and sacred duties she meant to impose upon herself.

At her return to the apartment of the Abbess she found an elegant collation served up. Virginia entreated the Marchioness would obtain for her that favour which could constitute the only consolation her soul was now susceptible of.

"I entreat," said she, "that the kind and worthy Abbess may bestow on me the habit of a Noviciate, without subjecting me to wait the period established by custom. Every obstacle that tends to retard the sacrifice to which I doom myself, appears insupportable. I feel incapable of enjoying that calm tranquillity my soul pants for, until I shall have entirely devoted myself to the sacred duties of that state I wish to embrace. I would enter upon them, if possible, without delay."

Virginia spoke with a degree of enthusiastic animation. The Abbess at that instant approached, and heard part of what she had said. She endeavoured to persuade her to change her resolution; but finding she was bent on her purpose, she acceded to her request, and it was determined that Virginia should within eight days receive the white veil.

The next day the Marchioness returned to Torre Vecchia. Virginia beheld her departure without the least emotion; her heart, oppressed by the violence of her grief, was no longer capable of being affected; she scarcely mentioned her father's name, and recommended her faithful Laurina with a degree of calmness that resembled indifference.

Eight days after she received, agreeable to her request, a Noviciate's habit. Her zeal, the fervour with which she fulfilled her duties, soon acquired the esteem, and even the veneration of her sisters. The Abbess was profuse of her attentions, and remained incessantly with her. Virginia, on her part, became daily more attached to that respectable woman, whose mild virtues, enlightened piety, and indulgence towards the weakness of those over whom she ruled, excited in the breasts of the fair votaries of devotion, an attachment bordering on enthusiasm. But the extreme delicacy of her health inspired them with the continual apprehension of losing her. The physicians had already pronounced that the air of San Cipriano was too [illegible]icial to her recovery, to allow her to remain longer in it, and the Count Vizzani, her brother, had already solicited permission of the Pope to exchange her Abbey for some other more congenial to the state of her constitution.

Three months had elapsed since Virginia had assumed the white veil, when one evening the governess of the Noviciates was perusing, at the hour of recreation, one of the journals which were taken in at the Convent for the amusement of the Nuns, and read with a loud voice the following paragraph, which she observed could not but be highly interesting to the Lady Abbess:

"*The young Count Eugenio Caprara, who has just returned from a secret mission to the Court of Vienna, it is reported is on the point of being married to his cousin, Signora Rosalia, only daughter of Count Vizzani. The necessary dispensations have been obtained, and the ceremony only awaits the arrival of the young Count at Rome, where the Cardinal Caprara is to give the nuptial benediction to the happy couple. We are assured that the ceremony will take place on the 15th of this month.*"

An exclamation of despair resounded throughout the Convent. The governess raised her eyes, and observed several young Nuns busily employed about Virginia, who had fainted in their arms.

Near an hour passed away during which she seemed entirely bereft of life. When she recovered, she found herself surrounded by several of the sisterhood, and her head reclined on the bosom of the Abbess, who pressed her to her heart with maternal affection.

"Oh Madam!" said she in a tone of voice scarcely intelligible.

The Abbess immediately gave orders that she should be left alone with Virginia, and hastened to afford her every consolation in her power. She was acquainted with the secret sorrows that rent the heart of the lovely and ill fated maiden, whose excessive paleness and depression of soul excited more than ever her unaffected sympathy and compassion.

The holy sisters had attributed the sudden illness of Virginia solely to accident, or perhaps to the effect of that kind of austere life she had embraced, and to which she was as yet unaccustomed. But the Abbess, after reflecting upon the various circumstances that had come to her knowledge, doubted not that the fatal paragraph was the cause. She remained with her a full hour, nor quitted her till she perceived her calm, and resigned to the confirmation of her misfortune.

Two days after Virginia repaired to her presence, threw herself at her feet, and entreated her, with tears in her eyes, to abridge the period of her Noviciateship, and invest her with the black veil without delay.

"You are now, Madam, on the point of leaving us," said she, sighing; "it is the last misfortune which threatens my sad life. I learn that you have obtained permission to exchange this Abbey for another. I ought perhaps to rejoice, since the exchange will restore you to that health so necessary to the happiness of all who love you; but, alas! I feel it impossible not to regret your loss: grant me at least the consolation of honouring, by your presence, those vows which are to sequester me for ever from that world I cannot contemplate without horror. The black veil, now become the object of my most ardent desires, if placed by your hands, will be still more dear to me.

"Wait, my dear daughter," replied the Abbess; "be careful of yielding too hastily to an emotion which is doubtless the result of an extreme sensibility. If ever the day arrives when your reason shall enable you to behold the profound abyss before you, how dreadful will be your existence, and how will your youthful imagination magnify the circle of your wretched days, doomed to be passed in vain repentance of what you cannot recal. Believe me, my daughter," added the Abbess, sighing—"believe me, resignation is the most painful of all virtues; it is to avoid it that you now wish to brave the worst of misfortunes. Follow the advice which proceeds from my affection for you, and is moreover the result of my experience. Do not act with precipitation; wait the expiration of your Noviciateship before you engage yourself by vows which never can be recalled."

Virginia listened to the Abbess without interrupting her; her tears had ceased to flow—her countenance had assumed that calm serenity, which for some time had formed its habitual expression.

"My sad days, hitherto numbered by my miseries," said she, "will never be disturbed by repentance, should I place an insurmountable barrier between the world and myself. I am young, it is true, but my heart has already been the prey of the most poignant griefs that can assail it. My resolution is unshaken—nothing can alter it; deign to grant my request, and let not your refusal induce me to believe

that I am not sheltered from regret and disappointment, even in the secluded retreat I have made choice of."

The Abbess in vain attempted to make her change her opinion: Virginia strenuously combated all her arguments, and repeated her request with such warmth and emphasis, that she at last obtained that consent she so ardently desired. The Abbess, after having acquiesced in her demand, undertook to plead her cause before the Ancients of the Convent, without whose concurrence she could not determine to act in contravention of the established regulations of the monastery. But the exemplary conduct of Virginia, and the distinguished favour with which she was regarded by the Abbess, smoothed every difficulty; and the Ancients agreed that she might receive the black veil before the expiration of the appointed period.

Virginia experienced a melancholy satisfaction in the idea of engaging herself, by indissoluble ties, on the very day of Eugenio's marriage. The bare thought of remaining free while he, whom she so fondly loved, was united to another, was insupportable. At length the awful moment arrived when she was to pronounce, at the foot of the altar the solemn vow of renouncing that world which, as far as regarded herself, was no longer embellished by her Eugenio.

An immense crowd filled the church: the most distinguished personages in the vicinity of San Cipriano, placed near the grate, fixed their pitying eyes upon the interesting Noviciate, whose beauty and modest graces excited a general sentiment of admiration, which was silently expressed by regrets and murmurs. Virginia pronounced the fatal ceremonials with a strong and elevated voice; her eyes sparkled with a celestial fire, but soon after an excessive paleness overspread her lovely figure; and when the black veil, the mournful emblem of her renunciation of the world, was placed over her, she seemed ready to expire with terror. The Abbess, who had not for a moment neglected to watch every emotion of her soul, led her away immediately after the ceremony; and, by her affectionate and consolatory advice, succeeded in re-animating her strength and her courage.

Several days had elapsed, and Virginia began to enjoy a degree of tranquility to which she had long been a stranger, when her heart was rent by fresh sorrows. Her protectress, her only friend, the worthy and virtuous Abbess, received a letter which announced the approaching arrival of Signora

Menzzoni, who was destined to replace her at San Cipriano, and with whom an agreement had been effected for an exchange of the Abbey over which she had presided.

"Calm your grief, my dear child," said she to Virginia, who was bathed in tears, "I have made choice of you as my co-adjutress—we shall be shortly united again; I will expedite the means of sending for you as soon as I shall be perfectly settled in my new Abbey."

That same evening the ringing of the bell announced that the carriage of Signora Menzzoni had entered the outward court-yard of the monastery. Virginia and the rest of the holy sisters repaired to the gate of the cloister to receive her who was to succeed their virtuous Abbess: but, gracious Heaven; how did her first aspect destroy the favourable impression they had adopted with regard to her person!

Diminutive—ill-made—a neck buried between her rising shoulders—an olive-coloured complexion—a flattened nose and little eyes scarce visible—such was the picture of Signora Menzzoni. She obliquely surveyed the group who had hastened to do her homage, and addressed, in a hoarse tone of voice, a few insignificant phrases in answer to the gracious and obliging compliments of the Abbess.

Virginia contemplated her with surprise, and even with affright. Instead of attending her with the rest of the Nuns she retired to her cell, where she renewed her tears at the reflection of the departure of her indulgent and respectable friend. But when the moment of that dreaded separation arrived, the excess of her sorrow was such, that she became extremely ill, and Signora Vizzani left her languishing under a violent fever. She recommended her in the most affectionate manner, to the particular attention and regard of the new Abbess, who coolly answered that she was not in the habit of having favourites, and that doubtless the Convent afforded whatever was necessary for the restoration of the health of the young Nun.

Signora Menzzoni, in returning this answer, was less actuated by the natural severity of her character, than that hatred with which Virginia had inspired her the moment she beheld her, and learned her name. Born with ardent passions, she had in her youth loved the Marquis Spanozzi, who, far from answering her tenderness, and encouraging her advances, could not even conceal the aversion with which she inspired him, and in a short time after married

the mother of Virginia. Signora Menzzoni was nearly falling a sacrifice to the first paroxysm of her rage, but time at length consoled her; she, however, vowed eternal hatred to the Marquis and his family.—[Circumstances which have no relation whatever to this history, induced her to embrace a religious life.]—The moment she saw Virginia, she traced in her features a perfect resemblance with those of the hated rival the Marquis had preferred to her. She felt the same degree of hatred revive that her mother had formerly inspired; she rejoiced at the idea of having her in her power, and determined to torment her whenever an opportunity offered.

Virginia slowly recovered from her indisposition; she endeavoured to conquer her repugnance, and waited only till her strength was restored, in order to pay her respects to the new Abbess. On entering the chamber, where she had been accustomed to receive so tender a reception, and fixing her eyes on the chair of her amiable friend, now occupied by a stranger, she could not retain her tears.

"I hope, my sister," said Signora Menzzoni, with a disdainful air, "that you do not flatter yourself with the expectation of finding in me the weakness of my predecessor. I think it necessary, in the first place, to signify to you that your entrance to this apartment is in future prohibited; and I trust that, acting in conformity to your duty you will not pretend to higher privileges than those enjoyed by others."

Virginia bowed in silence; she raised her eyes, and thought she perceived, on the countenances of several of the Ancients who surrounded the Abbess, an expression of coolness and severity which deeply affected her. She retired with a heart oppressed with grief; but the hope of soon joining her friend dissipated, in some measure, the affliction she would otherwise have experienced.

Preparations were made for celebrating, within two days, the feast of one of the patrons of the Abbey. The Nuns of San Cipriano, renowned for the beauty of their voices, attracted a prodigious concourse of persons from Urbino and the neighbouring villages, who flocked with eagerness to assist at the principal festivals which were held in the course of the year.

Virginia, whose melodious accents imparted an idea of the music of angels, was to sing a motet. The sanctuary was decorated with the utmost magnificence; an innume-

rable quantity of tapers illumined the altar, and rivalled the light of day; the majestic vibrations of the organ resounded throughout the temple, and its awe-inspiring sounds, re-echoing along the spacious vaults, seemed to convey to the throne of the Deity the vows of the mortals assembled to celebrate his glory.

A young Novice was the first who sung; Virginia then advanced in the front of the choir. The curtains of the grate were drawn aside, and afforded a view of the persons of distinction with which the church was filled. The most profound silence reigned in every part; they appeared fearful of losing a single accent of the harmonious voice that just began to breathe its soft strains, when suddenly their attention was diverted by the sighs and inarticulate lamentations of one who seemed hurried away by the emotions of despair. At that instant a young man, wrapped in a cloak, left the church with precipitation; every one made way for him to pass, but Virginia had already recognized her long lost Eugenio. She remained immoveable, and scarce able to breathe; a dreadful paleness overspread her countenance, and she became inanimate as the marble pillar against which she rested. The whole scene, and the persons who surrounded her, disappeared to her sight; a dark cloud obscured her eyes, and her existence was only manifested by the increased palpitation of her heart.

"For Heaven's sake, sister," said a young Nun who was near her, "recollect yourself!"

Virginia started, and turning her head aside, remarked, with affright, that the Abbess regarded her with a threatening aspect, and looks expressive of rage and passion.

The idea of appearing in the presence of Eugenio overwhelmed her soul.—"What should bring him to this place?" thought she, while sorrow rent her heart. "Has he come merely to express those marks of pity which have betrayed him to my eyes? Ah! let him reserve for Rosalia the tender effusions of his heart: I require nothing more than his indifference and disregard."

After the ceremony was concluded, she was traversing one of the cloisters, when old Francesco, the gardener of the Convent, after making several mysterious signs, the meaning of which she could not comprehend, threw a letter at her feet, and then suddenly fled from her presence. Virginia recognized the hand-writing of Eugenio, and hastily

seized the paper, dreading lest it should be observed by any other person.

" If you do not wish me to fall a victim to my grief and despair beneath these horrid walls which conceal you from my sight," he wrote, " grant me an interview of a quarter of an hour. The honest old man who delivers you this note, has promised to introduce me this evening, at eleven o'clock, in the cypress grove at the end of your garden; he will give you a key, by means of which you will be able to join me. Virginia, be careful what resolution you form —you know my character; if you deny me, to-morrow I shall be no more!"

Surprise, rage, and resentment animated the countenance of Virginia, and suffused it with a lovely crimson. She hastily wrote in the leaves of the pocket-book Eugenio had formerly given her, and which she constantly carried about her, these few words :—

" I have nothing to expect from the husband of Rosalia, I entreat him to leave this place, and at least to recollect that the disregard of his former oaths ought not to divest him of that respect naturally inspired by those sacred ties which have for ever fixed the destiny of

VIRGINIA."

Francesco observed that she had written an answer, and immediately presented himself to receive it. Virginia after his departure, continued traversing with hasty steps the cloister where she had met him.

" What audacity!" thought she. " Eugenio dare to propose to me to see him—to listen to him! What can he say to me in justification of his cruel conduct? Alas! he is perhaps unhappy! added she in softened accents. " If he seeks consolation and an alleviation of his misery from me, shall I not act with more cruelty towards him than ever he has with regard to me, if I refuse to hear him? Can I forget that he was my beloved, my only friend—that he is still the object dearest to my heart, and that every hour I invoke, in his favour, the blessings of heaven?—Oh Eugenio! Eugenio!" she exclaimed in sad accents, and her eyes bathed in tears, " how can I sustain the dreadful idea of giving you pain?"

Virginia continued for some moments wrapped in her reflections. The image of her early years presented itself to her imagination, but soon the flattering picture assumed a mournful shade. She recalled to her mind the last mo-

ments of her mother, and the fatal death of the Count Caprara: it seemed that the immortal spirits of those two cherished beings hovered over her. The moon, which had just risen, shot her resplendent rays against the painted glass of the Gothic windows of the monastery, and imparted a pale and trembling light throughout the interior of the cloister. Virginia could not resist an involuntary emotion of terror at hearing some one speak in a low tone of voice; but Francesco, making himself known, soon dissipated her apprehensions:—he returned her the pocket-book, at the same time requesting her to read what Eugenio had traced below the answer she had written to his letter. Virginia approached one of the windows, and distinguished, by the light of the moon, these words:—

"Me, the husband of Rosalia!—just Heaven! what dreadful mystery do you present to my imagination? Oh! too credulous and unfortunate Virginia, what have you done?—Unfaithful! could you suppose it possible? In the name of Heaven, grant my prayer!—the torments I suffer are inexpressible! Virginia, for the sake of pity and humanity, do not leave me to die with despair!"

"Yes, I will see him!" exclaimed Virginia, distracted, and scarce sensible of what she said. Where is he? Where is my Eugenio—my dear Eugenio? Oh my God! my God!" she cried, striking her breast, "you have suffered it! Iniquity has triumphed!"

"Madam," said Francesco, in a low and timid voice, "be cautious how you are overheard; you will involve yourself, as well as me, in inevitable ruin. Here is the key of the garden gate, which I shall take care to leave unbolted, in order that you may open it without noise. At eleven o'clock precisely repair to the cypress grove."

Francesco disappeared, after having delivered the key into Virginia's hands, and left her in a state which no human pen can possibly describe.

Eugenio, the prey of inexpressible agitation, counted every minute of the interval previous to that which was to restore to his sight the lovely Virginia—that Virginia who had been torn from his arms in a manner so fatal to his love and the dearest hopes of his heart. Unable to comprehend the reason and object of that conduct which had decided his misfortune, he gave vent to his despair, and in exclamations of rage expressed the violent feelings which agitated his bosom.

Tranquil at Naples, and enjoying each successive day, the pleasing hope of being soon united to his Virginia, he had abandoned himself with ardour to the study of diplomacy, the knowledge of which he hoped would conduct him to a brilliant fortune. Rosalia was, as we have already said, the only person with whom he appeared delighted; but the pleasure of speaking of Virginia was not the only one which impelled him to frequent the house of the Count Vizzani; a motive no less imperious, induced him to wish to pass as much time in her company as possible. Rosalia was the prey of silent grief and sorrow. Eugenio no sooner became acquainted with her afflictions, than every moment which he did not consecrate to Virginia, was occupied in alleviating them.

The young Marquis Justiniani, rich and illustrious by his birth, passionately loved the amiable Rosalia and in return had won her affections. The Count Vizzani, for reasons which he did not deign to explain to his daughter, peremptorily forbade her returning the love of the Marquis; and at the same time assured her he should never be her husband. Rosalia listened to this decree without daring to answer; but her heart secretly resolved never to be united to any other. For two years the young Marquis had in vain used every endeavour to obtain the consent of the Count. During the latter part of that period, the severity of the Count, and the presence of Eugenio, had deprived him of every hope; he had left the place oppressed with grief, unaccompanied even by the consolation of being able to write to his mistress; for a rigid Duenna, chosen by the Count Vizzani, was incessantly with her, and narrowly observed all her motions.

Eugenio, affected by the profound grief he often remarked on the countenance of Rosalia, expressed so sincere an interest in her sorrows, that he soon obtained her entire confidence. He did not confine himself to fruitless consolations, but occupied himself with the means of establishing, between her and the Marquis, a regular correspondence. It was this that had produced the secret messages which had inspired the Count not merely with the hope, but with the certainty that the plan he had so much at heart, was on the point of being realized.

In his letters to Virginia, Eugenio always preserved silence with regard to the secret entrusted to him by Rosalia. He dared not expose to the risk of the posts, and a

thousand other unforeseen events, the destiny of his friend; but it had ever been his intention to have established, between these two young persons, that intimacy and mutual friendship which was the most ardent wish of his heart.

One evening, seated near Rosalia, and clasping her hands within his, he was speaking with transport of the happiness he should enjoy with his loved Virginia, when suddenly the Count Vizzani made his appearance.

"My nephew," he exclaimed with an air of extreme satisfaction, "the King desires to speak with you; he expects you in his cabinet, where cardinal Doria has this moment gone before you. A page is waiting below to conduct you to the palace of his Majesty; but I was anxious of being myself the messenger of tidings so flattering to your hopes and prospects, at least if I may judge from several remarks which escaped the King yesterday in my presence."

Eugenio hastened to obey the orders of the King, and was honoured with a reception which would have gratified the most ambitious courtier.

"My interests, as well as those of the Court of Rome," said his Majesty, "require a secret message to the Cabinet of Vienna. Cardinal Doria has spoken in such flattering terms of your distinguished talents, that in nominating you my agent to the Emperor, I trust I have reason to applaud myself for the choice I have made. You will therefore accommpany the Cardinal to Vienna, not as added to his legation, but in quality of my direct Envoy to his Imperial Majesty. To-morrow you shall receive your credentials, and I desire you will depart without delay."

Eugenio expressed himself to the King in terms of the most unfeigned gratitude for the favours with which he deigned to honour him. After having passed two hours with the King, during which time he received the instructions for the new and important post to which he was appointed, he went home, in order to make the necessary arrangement for his departure, and wrote a long letter to Virginia, in which he gave her an account of the honourable employment bestowed upon him by the partiality of the King.

That letter was intercepted by the Marchioness Spanozzi, and never reached Virginia; and all the others he afterwards sent her, shared the same fate. Count Vizzani, at whose house the courier delivered the letters Eugenio directed for Torre Vecchia, instructed by his sister, faith-

fully followed the plan which finally assured the misfortune of Virginia. It was he who procured the insertion in the journal sent to San Cipriano of that fatal paragraph, the reading of which, in the presence of Virginia, precipitated her sacrifice.

Eugenio at first supported the silence of his mistress with patience. The length of the journey from Naples to Vienna, and the frequent miscarriages of the mails, induced him to suppose that the delay of Virginia's letters was not attributable to any cause that justified his being alarmed; but when he arrived at Vienna, and received no news from Torre Vecchia, his inquietude became inexpressible: he sent, successively, several expresses to Naples and Bologna, but they were all bribed and gained over to the interest of the Marchioness, and never returned to Germany. The only letters Eugenio received, were from the Count Vizzani.

From the natural impatience of the character of that young man, and the passion with which Virginia had inspired him—a passion which, in a manner, was incorporated in his very existence, the anguish which rent his heart may be easily imagined, when three months elapsed without his receiving a single letter from Virginia. Compelled, by the duties of his employment, to remain at Vienna, and to submit to the tediousness of diplomatic discussions, he was unable either to calculate or foresee the period when he should be able to fly on the wings of affection to Torre Vecchia. At length the unhappy Eugenio sunk under the dreadful state of agitation which his disappointment produced. An inflammatory fever, accompanied by a continual delirium, reduced him to the verge of the grave. "Virginia!—Virginia!" he incessansly exclaimed, while her lovely phantom appeared to flit before his bewildered imagination. Convulsive cries terminated these paroxysms of his distempered brain, and he sunk into a state of total apathy and inanimation.

Six weeks passed away before the physicians could give positive assurances of his recovery; but at last his youth, and the strength of his constitution, by degrees restored him to health and vigour: yet scarce had he resumed the perfect exercise of his reason, than fresh inquietudes agitated his heart.

Weak, and scarce able to support himself, he profited without delay of the permission granted him by the King

of Naples, and went post to Trieste, where he embarked. Arrived at Ancona, he travelled day and night—hastened to the palace of the King of Naples—gave him an account of his mission, and, after having taken leave of that Monarch, returned to his carriage without taking an instant's repose, or even waitng upon the Count Vizzani, and set out for Torre Vecchia.

As he approached that place, the scene of the happy hours of his infancy, and breathed the pure air, rendered more delightful to his imagination by the idea that perhaps it wafted the fragrant breath of Virginia, he could scarce contain the excess of his emotion. When he arrived at the last stage, it was about nine in the evening; he left his carriage and servants, and proceeded on horseback across the well-known passage of the Appenines, which conducted him in a more direct manner to Torre Vecchia. But no sooner had he perceived the antique abode of his ancestors, where he hoped to find the object who was dearest to him in the world, than his heart beat with such violence, that he was constrained for a time to retard the speed of his horse, in order to calm the violence of his agitation.

At that moment the castle bell tolled ten. The moon, which had just risen, shed her rays on one side of the building, whilst the other, enveloped in profound darkness, seemed buried in the shades of night, and scarce distinguishable to the eye. It was in that last-mentioned part of the building in which the apartment of Virginia was situate. Owls and bats, the fatal harbingers of misfortune, hovered over the battlements, and filled the air with their ill-omened cries. Not a single light was to be seen through the Gothic windows. Every thing presented an aspect of solitude and absolute desertion, which could not fail to dismay the soul of Eugenio. He advanced along an avenue of fir-trees, which conducted him to the outward gate, and rang the bell several times without any one answering its summons. At length an old man, whose figure was unknown to him, made his appearance; he held a dark lanthorn in his hand, and demanded, in a hoarse tone of voice, who was there.

"It is me," answered Eugenio; open the door immediately."

"I know you not," replied the old man, "My Lord and Lady are absent, and I dare not admit any one without their orders."

"Where are they?" exclaimed Eugenio with emotion—"Where is Virginia? Answer me, I desire you."

"My God! Antonio," said a servant, who then made her appearance, "it is the Count Eugenio—it is our young master. What do you mean by keeping him waiting?

"I ask pardon," said Antonio, bowing respectfully while he opened the door; "I had not the honour of being in his service when he quitted the castle, and I hope he will excuse me."

"Where are they?" repeated Eugenio, rushing into the hall. "Where is Virginia?"

"It is three weeks since the Marquis and Marchioness left this place for Bologna," said the servant who had last appeared. "With regard to Signora Virginia, it is about six months since she quitted the castle, in order, as it was said, to proceed to a Convent."

"To a Convent!" interrupted Eugenio, distracted—"to a Convent; Gracious Heaven! what means this inexplicable conduct? What Convent? Say—answer me!" he added with impatience.

The servant, terrified, dared not utter a single word.

"Will you speak?" repeated Eugenio, in a menacing and dreadful tone of voice.

"I ask pardon," said the girl trembling; "but I am ignorant of the Convent to which our young Lady has retired. There is no person but Laurina who is able to inform you."

"Desire her to come to me!" said Eugenio, with an agitation which every moment increased.

"She is now the housekeeper of the Marquis, whose house is at the extremity of the park," answered the servant. "I will instantly go in search of her."

"No," said Eugenio, "no, I will go myself;" at the same moment rushing towards the park with the rapidity of lightning.

That place, filled with a thousand delightful objects of past happiness, in some measure assuaged his grief, and calmed the extreme trouble which agitated him. He stopped, by an involuntary and irresistable impulse, at the grove formerly consecrated to Hymen. It was enlightened by

the full splendour of the moon. The ravages of the storm which had destroyed it, were perfectly visible. The ciphers of Eugenio and Virginia, engraven on the same trees, were obscured, and nearly effaced. Unwholesome woods had replaced the beauteous flowers, whose withered and arid stems were still perceptible. The waters of the rivulets which murmured over the variegated turf with which the altar was surrounded, formerly so clear and transparent, had now become thick and muddy, and appeared the receptacle of myriads of vile insects. The whole scene presented a horrible aspect.

"Virginia! Oh my dear Virginia!" exclaimed Eugenio, with a voice rendered almost inarticulate by his sighs; then forcing his way through the thorns and briers in order to explore a shorter way, he flew to the house of the Marquis. He pushed the door, which he found half opened; he entered the lower hall, where he found Laurina sitting with a lamp near her, and employed in knitting.

The sudden and unexpected appearance of Eugenio, his excessive paleness, and his disordered dress, terrified her. She uttered a loud shriek. "Holy Virgin!" said she, clasping her hands, "protect me! Is it the spirit of Eugenio I see before me?"

"Oh Laurina! Laurina!" exclaimed Eugenio, in mournful accents, "where is she—where is my Virginia? Tell me—do not suffer me to languish—do not augment the dreadful inquietude which distracts me."

"Virginia!" answered Laurina, weeping. "Dare you pronounce that name without your heart being rent by remorse? After so long a silence on your part—after so cruel a desertion of her who merited your adoration, do you still seek the lovely victim you have sacrificed, in order to feast upon her misfortunes?"

The noise of Eugenio's fall, who dropped insensible at the feet of Laurina, put a stop to the reproaches she was addressing to him. That unfortunate youth, weakened by the fever which for six weeks had preyed on him, and overcome by the extreme fatigue of a journey of near four hundred miles, performed without that repose which was necessary to recruit his strength, suddenly lost the remembrance and the sensation of his miseries.

The cries of Laurina called the gardener and his wife to

her assistance. They conveyed Eugenio to bed, where notwithstanding every means of relief they afforded, he remained in a state of insensibility till one o'clock in the morning. The moment he recovered his senses, he articulated a few words, but in a voice so feeble, that Laurina could only distinguish the name of Virginia.

"Take courage, Sir," said that worthy, kind woman, whose resentment against Eugenio had yielded to a sentiment of the most tender compassion; "take courage—there is doubtless still sufficient time to prevent Virginia from completing the sacrifice of herself. A repentance, so sincere as your's appears to be, caanot fail to move her heart. I know the celestial soul of that dear child. She will pardon you, Sir; I am sure of it—she will pardon you!"

"Laurina," said Eugenio, making an effort to rise—"Laurina, order my horse to be brought to me; I will depart this very instant. I am resolved to have this dreadful mystery explained; they have deceived me—infamously deceived me!"

Laurina had infinite difficulty to persuade him that he was not in a state to undertake a journey of five-and-forty miles, and positively refused to acquaint him with the Convent to which his Virginia had retired, until he had given her his word to wait till the next day. She afterwards made him partake of some refreshment, and then left him to enjoy that sleep into which the excess of his fatigue soon plunged him.

At seven in the morning he awoke; and without attending to Laurina, who entreated him to wait breakfast, he mounted his horse, and set off at full gallop. Arrived at San Cipriano, he alighted at the door of a neat cottage, in which the gardener of the convent dwelt. After having drank a jug of milk to calm his ardent thirst, he entered the outer court of the Abbey.

The number of carriages which obstructed the gate, and the innumerable crowd of persons, of both sexes, who were endeavouring to enter the church, which echoed with the awful and sublime sounds of the organ, convinced Eugenio that it would be in vain for him to attempt to see Virginia.

"I have business of the last importance to communicate to her," said he to the portress, "and I must instantly see her."

"It is impossible, Sir," answered the other. "Signora

Spanozzi is this day to sing a motet: she is at this moment in the Church, which she cannot leave without the express permission of the Abbess. I do not believe she will be able to obtain it; for the immense company, you must have observed assembled, have come from a variety of neighbouring villages, in order to hear her voice, the excellence of which is justly extolled far and near."

Eugenio sighed, and entered the Church with the rest of the throng; he placed himself near the grate, and waited, with inexpressible anguish, the arrival of that moment when his loved Virginia should present herself to his sight; but when he beheld her appear, when he heard the sweet accents of that voice which had so often charmed his soul, and when he remarked that fatal black veil, the irrevocable sign of the consummation of the sacrifice he dreaded, he was nearly expiring with despair; his bosom was convulsed by his sighs—he rushed out of the Church; and it was at that moment, as we have already said, Virginia perceived him.

Distracted, and unconscious of what he was doing, Eugenio wandered about the Abbey; he fixed his mournful looks on the lofty walls which inclosed the object of his ardent love—clasped his hands, and for some minutes seemed buried in deep contemplation; then suddenly advancing with hasty step, he appeared to avoid the heart-rending sensations to which the aspect of the monastery gave birth. Afterwards an irresistible attraction recalled him near the spot where his Virginia was confined. His despair was succeeded by a sentiment of the most tender affection. He called on her name—addressed himself to her absent image, while his tears suffused his countenance.

The gardener of the Abbey, at whose cottage he had alighted, was at that moment proceeding to the Church. He immediately recognized Eugenio, and, touched with compassion at the sorrow with which he appeared overwhelmed, advanced towards him, and proffered a few words of consolation.—"If, Sir, you will enter with me," added the good old man, with tears in his eyes, "you are welcome to repose yourself; and if I can be afterwards of service to you, I shall consider myself happy, and you may depend upon my fidelity."

Eugenio felt at first extremely agitated, and betrayed marks of impatience at that compassion evinced by the old man, which he was persuaded could afford no alleviation of the misery that oppressed him: but a sudden idea penetrated

his heart, and produced on his countenance an effect somewhat similar to that of the first rays of the sun dissipating the vapours of night. His pallid features were animated with an expression of hope; joy sparkled in his eyes; he seized the hands of the old man, and grasped them with all the fervency of affection.—" My friend," he exclaimed, " my dear friend, procure me the means of seeing Virginia, and of enjoying an uninterrupted interview with her. Remove far from her, as well as myself, the importunate and perhaps dangerous curiosity of the Argus-eyed Nuns who watch her motions. You will by your obedience restore me to life: be assured that my gratitude shall be boundless; and the rewards I will bestow upon you for so eminent a service, shall leave you nothing to hope or desire."

Francesco mused for some time, and appeared meditating what answer he should return; then looking round, in a manner that betokened his extreme agitation, he said, in a low voice—" What you require of me, Sir, is of such high importance, that I dare not promise you even to attempt obeying you. The dreadful punishment that would await me if, after having introduced you to the interior of the monastery, I should be discovered, inspires me with terror. But if you have any letter to send to Signora Virginia, I will willingly take charge of it; and I dare answer for my zeal, as well as my fidelity, in delivering it to her, without subjecting either her or myself to the observation of any one."

Eugenio endeavoured to encourage him, and urged every argument his imagination suggested, to shew he ran no danger of being discovered. At length, whether he was actuated by compassion, or the certainty of possessing the promised recompence, Francesco suffered himself to be prevailed upon, and promised to introduce Eugenio into the garden of the Convent at eleven at night, if Virginia would consent to meet him; and he left him, in order to prepare the means of carrying his hazardous undertaking into execution.

Eugenio returned to the house of Francesco to write to Virginia. His impatience to see her became so ardent, that he could scarce resist the desire that prompted him immediately to fly to her presence; yet the dread of not seeing her alone, and the consciousness of exposing himself by that excessive agitation which he felt himself unable to resist, prevented his abandoning himself to perhaps one of

the most impetuous emotions he had ever experienced in his life; but when he received the answer of Virginia, when he became acquainted with the motive that had induced his ill-fated Virginia to place an insurmountable barrier between herself and him, his surprise, his despair at the idea of what her sufferings must have been when she imagined him unfaithful, imparted such inexpressible anguish to his breast, that he scarce retained the use of his reason. After having written a second letter to Virginia, he awaited her answer in a state of calm insensibility.

"Sir," exclaimed Francesco, with a voice and manner expressive of satisfaction, "Sir, the Lady Virginia consents to see you; she repeatedly called you her dear Eugenio. I have delivered the key of the garden to her, requesting her to restrain her emotion; for, to say the truth, she spoke so loud, that I trembled lest she should be overheard. However, I hope my fears are all I have to regret; for I afterwards looked carefully round the cloister in which we were, and I am persuaded there was no one there but ourselves."

Eugenio clasped his hands, and raised his eyes to heaven without being able to utter a single word. He remained some time buried in his own reflections; then suddenly awaking from his lethargy, he strode with hasty steps across the room. Francesco, terrified, dared not speak; and when, at length, he ventured to entreat him to calm the agitation of his mind, he could obtain no answer from him. Eugenio continued pacing the room till the moment that was to restore him to the sight of Virginia. When the clock struck eleven, he started, uttered an involuntary exclamation, and rushed with precipitation out of the house.

"Sir, Sir," said Francesco, running after him, "I entreat you to moderate your passion; if you do not, I cannot permit you to enter the garden."

Eugenio repressed his ardour, and suffered himself to be conducted by Francesco, who, after several windings, arrived with him at a little wicket at the foot of the rocks with which the monastery was surrounded. They soon found themselves in an avenue of vast extent, planted with elms; the obscurity, produced by their foliage, scarce allowed them to perceive the road they were pursuing.

"Sir," said Francesco, with a low voice, "follow the path in which you now are; it will conduct you to a cypress grove, in which, doubtless, you will find the young

Virginia. I will remain here till you return, but remember not to give way to your passion; the least exclamation, the slightest noise, will irretrievably ruin us both."

Francesco continued speaking, but Eugenio no longer attended to him. The idea that Virginia was near him, agitated his bosom. Impelled by an irresistable impulse, he flew towards her, whilst profound sighs expressed the uneasiness of his troubled soul.

The word "Eugenio," pronounced by an enchanting and soft voice, soon convinced him that it was Virginia herself who spoke. "Oh my dear Eugenio!" she exclaimed.

"Gracious Heaven!" said the distracted youth, "it is her—it is my Virginia!" At the same moment he clasped in his arms, and pressed to his bosom, his loved Virginia, who was nearly in a state of insensibility.

Interrupted exclamations, tears, and sighs occupied the first moments of this meeting, at once so pleasing and distressful. When they had in some degree recovered themselves, a more detailed conversation informed each other of the extent of their mutual misfortune, and the cruel manner in which they had been deceived.

The respect by which Eugenio was actuated towards his mother, would not allow him to entertain the least suspicion with regard to her. His indignation was directed against the Count Vizzani and the father of Virginia.

"Let them tremble," said he, "at my vengeance, if they dare to resist the measures I shall adopt, in order to rescue you from the effect of those vows by which they have hoped to enchain your future existence. I will arm against them the whole power of the Pope, and the credit of the Cardinal Caprara will be an assurance of my success. But, my Virginia!" added Eugenio, falling at her knees, "my dear Virginia! beloved object of my heart, listen to the ardent prayer of your lover—of your friend! Consent to fly with me from this odious monastery—suffer me to conduct you to Rome, to my uncle's palace; there we may brave the infernal machinations of those who will exert every endeavour to ravish you from my love, should you remain here until the termination of those measures which I am resolved immediately to undertake.

Virginia, terrified at the danger of such a step, opposed with all her power the proposition of Eugenio, and exerted

her whole empire over him, in order to engage him to leave her at San Cipriano until he had obtained the Pope's dispensation from her vows; but the violence of Eugenio's grief, his despair, his tears, his ardent prayers and entreaties not to abandon him to a state of despair, which he should be unable to survive, soon altered her resolution, and she concluded by consenting that he should dispose of her destiny as he thought proper.

No sooner had Eugenio obtained the consent of Virginia, than he imagined he had arrived at the period of his misfortunes. The lightning itself is not more rapid than the transition which took place in his soul, from the excess of despair to the utmost state of felicity. He clasped the hands of Virginia, and imprinted them with kisses; repeatedly called her his beloved, his wife, the only object of his heart. He painted to her imagination the happiness they should mutually enjoy after so many disappointments. He smiled, wept, fell at her feet, and abandoned himself to all the excesses of a soul long oppressed by sorrow, and suddenly enlightened by a ray of happiness.

When he was a little master of his feelings, he traced to Virginia the plan he had settled in his mind. He was to repair the next night at the same hour, at the foot of the rocks, with two horses, and a travelling dress for Virginia.

Francesco said he would take care to leave the garden-door open, in order that she might come to him without delay. Eugenio determined to conduct her to Urbino, from whence he proposed to proceed post to Rome.—"Lovely Virginia," said he, "you will at last be mine, and mine for ever."

Virginia, weak and enfeebled, could scarce partake of the joy of her lover. The violent agitation she had experienced in the course of the day, revived the fever, from which she had scarce recovered; and when she separated from Eugenio, and heard him repeat—"To-morrow—to-morrow, my Virginia!" she pressed his hand to her bosom, and could scarce retain her tears; but happily the obscurity of the night prevented Eugenio's remarking an emotion which, doubtless, would have augmented the trouble he already experienced at her sufferings.

On his return to Francesco's cottage, he delivered to the honest old man the sum agreed upon, and promised to increase it twofold if he would, on the following night, render him a still more considerable service. Francesco lis-

tened with affright to his proposition; but at last all his scruples were removed by the promise of Eugenio to take him with him, and give him a place at Torre Vecchia, infinitely more lucrative than the one he should leave.

The next day, expected with such ardent impatience by Eugenio, was wholly consecrated to the necessary preparations for the meditated flight. He repaired to Urbino, hired a post-chaise, and ordered the driver to wait at an inn near the great road: he then purchased a horse for Virginia, and waited till night to conduct her from the Convent of San Cipriano.

Eugenio was within a mile of the monastery when he heard the clock strike eleven. He pushed forward with all possible speed, and soon arrived at the little garden-door. The night was excessively dark, the stars were concealed by black lowering clouds, and a dead calm reigned throughout all nature. Eugenio glided softly beneath the trees that overshaded the walls of the Monastery, and approached the door. With a hand trembling from the excess of his emotion, he endeavoured to push it open, and was surprised to find a resistance, which he was far from expecting. He redoubled his efforts, and perceived at length, with inexpressible regret, that the door was bolted.

A thousand fatal ideas presented themselves to his imagination; but Hope, that enchantress, whose soothing voice preserved him from despondency, persuaded him that Virginia, detained by unforeseen circumstances, would not fail soon to make her appearance; or perhaps she was waiting in the cypress grove till the moment when Francesco should announce to her that the door was open.

Consoled by this last supposition, Eugenio determined to meet Francesco by the way they had gone together on the preceding evening; but the idea that he was not perfectly acquainted with the road, and the fear of missing Francesco, and by that means making Virginia wait, determined him, ere he had proceeded far, to return with precipitation. He walked for some time backwards and forwards under the walls of the monastery; then threw himself in despair on the ground—then leant an attentive ear, in hopes of the arrival of his beloved. Every leaf that rattled afforded him a hope that it was the light step of his dear Virginia advancing towards him.

An hour passed away—the clock struck twelve; the sound of the ponderous Convent bell mingled with the

whistling of the wind, which now rose with violence, and agitated the cypress branches, with which the rocks were covered, around the head of Eugenio. The unfortunate youth paced with hasty steps along the paths adjacent to the fatal door, and soon abandoned himself to an excess of despair; the more dreadful, as he had fondly imagined he had nothing to apprehend from the malice of Fate. The absence of Francesco was a more particular source of concern.—"Can he have betrayed me?" he exclaimed; then crossing his arms, he rushed like a madman against the door, essayed with all his might to force it, and repeatedly called, in mournful accents, upon Virginia, his dear Virginia.

The whole night passed away in this manner. Already had Aurora appeared, and Eugenio was unable to retire from the spot which he had hoped he should never have quitted but in the company of his beloved. Exhausted by fatigue, and scarce able to support himself, he at last took the path which conducted him to the cottage of Francesco. After having knocked at the door without any one answering, Eugenio, observing a window open, obtained admission by that means, and traversed every apartment without finding Francesco.

His surprise could only be equalled by his despair. He left the cottage, and explored every avenue to the Monastery, calling Francesco, and every moment expected to see him appear. At seven in the morning, he perceived a peasant at work in the fields; he interrogated him, and the man replied that he had met Francesco at day-break, about nine miles from the Convent, on his way to see his daughter, who was dangerously ill.—"Poor Francesco, Sir," added the peasant, "was extremely pale; he appeared under the impression of terror, and informed me he had been suddenly sent for to receive the last sighs of his daughter."

Eugenio knew not what course to take. Virginia had informed him the preceding evening, that the Abbess never permitted the young Nuns to appear at the grate, unless it was to see their relations; and even then they were accompanied by one of the Ancients. Unable to resist the inquietude which agitated him, he determined to follow the traces of Francesco, and persuade him to return with him as soon as he should have seen his daughter. He then hastened towards the place at the foot of the rock where he had left the two horses; and although the peasant had given him very vague information with regard to the route Francesco had taken, he immediately departed in search of him.

After having rode along cross-roads, where his horses were every moment in danger of perishing, he at last arrived at a village, which he thought was the one the peasant had pointed out to him. He enquired whether such a man as Francesco had been there; called at every house, and interrogated every inhabitant; but no one knew the man he described.

It is impossible to express his feelings at that moment. Without the assistance of Francesco, how was he ever to gain a sight of his Virginia?—how learn from her the motives that had prevented her meeting him on the preceding night in the cypress grove?—"Gracious Heaven!" he exclaimed, "how shall I act?—what consoling angel will come to my aid?"

Oppressed with grief, he remounted his horse, and leading the other by the bridle, returned towards the Abbey. The horses, exhausted with fatigue, traversed with difficulty the flinty road that led to San Cipriano. Eugenio spurred them in vain, and the clock struck ten when he arrived at Francesco's house, where he found the same solitude he had experienced in the morning. Impelled by an emotion he was unable to repress, he proceeded towards the rocks; and after having tied his horses to the same place where he had before secured them, he seated himself close to the door and abandoned himself to all the horror of his reflections.

At times a faint ray of hope darted across his imagination: he still flattered himself that Virginia would appear; and he listened attentively to the slightest noise, while his heart beat with violence. But when he perceived the hours pass without bringing to his sight that object which was as dear to him as his life, he yielded to the transports of his grief, and revolved in his mind how he might see his Virginia, and speak to her without restraint. He could not resolve to return to Rome without using every means to conduct her to the palace of his uncle, and recommending her to his immediate protection.

The unfortunate Eugenio successively adopted and rejected every plan that suggested itself to his distracted imagination. A sort of painful stupefaction succeeded the heart-rending sensations of which he had been the prey for the last twenty-four hours. An interrupted and restless slumber, produced by the excessive fatigue he had undergone, weighed down his eyelids, and for a few hours relieved him from the misery he endured.

At daybreak the noise of the Abbey bell awoke him, its solemn sound, and the silence that succeeded every toll inspired him with horror.—" Gracious Heaven!" he exclaimed, " is not that awful sound the harbinger of death?" Then drooping his head, and heaving a deep sigh, he added —" Is not she who has just terminated her mortal career, now blessed with happiness? Does she not now enjoy the reward of a life passed in penitence and self-denial, perhaps in pains unknown to all but herself?"—He walked a few steps, plunged in these reflections, then a sudden thought startled him. He was acquainted with the custom that admitted of men entering the Convents to follow the funeral procession of a deceased Nun. The hope of seeing Virginia, and of speaking to her, induced him to fly to the Church, to inform himself at what hour he would be allowed to present himself at the gate of the cloister. A sexton was covering the altar with black. A number of lamps suspended from the roof of the Church, reflected their light upon the *catafetto**, covered with a velvet pall, embroidered with silver tears, and destined to receive the corpse during the ceremony.

Eugenio, struck with a degree of terror for which he could not account, approached the sexton with an air of timidity, and asked him in a low voice if the ceremony would take place that morning.

" Sir," replied the man, " I know not the precise moment; I believe, however, that it will be this morning; for it was at this very hour yesterday that Sister Virginia Spanozzi breathed her last."

Eugenio uttered a loud cry, and staggered a few steps towards the Church door. Suddenly his limbs failed him, his eyes closed, and he fell, in a state of insensibility, over the *catafetto* which was near him; and in his fall struck his forehead against a Death's head carved in relief, at one of the angles of the funeral apparatus.

The sexton intent upon his business, had entered, immediately after he had answered Eugenio, a little chapel contiguous to the choir, and did not witness the fall of the unhappy youth.

Several minutes elapsed before Eugenio came to himself.

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* A kind of bench on which the coffins are placed in Italy.

His fixed and haggard eyes could not at first distinguish any of the objects that surrounded him; but the blood which began to flow from his wound, brought him to a recollection of the extent of his misery. His strength just allowed him to retire from the Church, and gain the fields in the environs of the monastery.

His slow walk, the calm and settled gloom that overspread his whole person, his countenance suffused with blood, and his appearance altogether, struck with terror and compassion a Celestin Monk, whose Convent was near that of San Cipriano, and who was walking, with a book in his hand, in an avenue planted with poplars, parrallel to the path by which Eugenio passed. He stopped in order to examine him with more attention, and perceived him turn towards a path which conducted him behind a mass of rocks. The fear of losing sight of him, engaged the Monk to follow him. With this view he took a more direct road, and arrived at the same moment with Eugenio in a deep valley, flanked on each side with steep rocks, that seemed to threaten destruction to the mortals rash enough to penetrate that mysterious asylum of Nature.

The Monk placed himself behind a tuft of shrubs; there he continued to observe all the motions of the unfortunate youth, whose bewildered looks, pale and disfigured countenance, and universal tremor, inspired him with the most lively interest in his favour.

Eugenio for a few minutes walked with unsteady steps along the dreary spot to which his sorrows had conducted him; then supporting himself against one of the rocks, he shut his eyes, and remained motionless. The Monk would have imagined him lifeless, had not the convulsive motion of his eyelids announced that he still existed.

The dismal sound of the Abbey bell soon drew him from his lethargy; he heaved a sigh that seemed to proceed from the bottom of his soul, raised his eyes towards heaven, clasped his hands, and then struck his forehead in an agony of despair. He stared around him with a look betokening horror; and drawing a pistol from his pocket, exclaimed, in a low tone of voice, but sufficiently clear and distinct to be heard by the Monk—"Oh my Virginia! my beloved Virginia! nothing shall now hinder my being united with you!"

The good Monk cried aloud; and rushing towards Eu-

genio, seized his hand at the moment when he was in the act of drawing the trigger.

"Who art thou?" said Eugenio, with a voice expressive of despair. "Why would you retard a voyage which can alone unite me to HER for whom I lived? Have you not sufficiently tormented me?—Have you not killed her? What more do you desire?—Oh leave me! I will seek her among the angels of heaven, where I shall be certain of finding her. She is there!" added he, pointing to the skies. "I see her!—She beckons me to come to her!—I promised to accompany her. I have waited for her, it is true; but I would not that she should wait for me; for you know what a misery it is to wait for those we love. Alas! who can describe it but those who have felt its pangs."

"My son! my dear son!" exclaimed the venerable Monk, moved to tears, "come with me; we will talk together of your Virginia."

"Of MY Virginia!" interrupted Eugenio, with a loud voice. "MY Virginia!" he repeated, with downcast looks; "do you know then that she is mine?—that she can belong to no other, notwithstanding the black veil with which she is covered, and the fatal coffin in which they have concealed her!"

"Come with me," repeated the Monk, with tears in his eyes, "come with me! May the all-powerful God, who has thought fit to visit you with such dreadful afflictions, grant you the strength and courage to support them!"

Eugenio heard the good old man without attending to what he said. He relapsed into the same state of stupefaction, and suffered himself to be conducted by him in silence, and without interruption. When he arrived at the Monastery of Celestins, he expressed no surprise at seeing himself surrounded by the Monks of the Order; and he suffered himself to be put to bed in the infirmary of the Convent, without the least effort on his part to prevent it.

A violent fever, accompanied with the most dangerous symptoms, soon declared itself; but the wretched youth, after having long struggled with death, was restored to life, or rather to the misery of living. When he found himself in a state to contemplate the scene around him, he perceived at his bedside the good Father Genaro, who had before given him such marks of his tender and affectionate solicitude.

"Sir," said that pious Monk, "we have taken the liberty of examining your papers during your illness, in order that we might inform your relations of the danger state in which you was; but we have found nothing which could furnish us with the information we desired."

"I thank you, my Father," said Eugenio, with a voice scarce distinct, "but I have no relation whose presence I desire, except," added he, sighing, "the Cardinal Caprara, my uncle, to whom I intend to write as soon as I shall have recovered sufficient strength."

Father Genaro, more than ever touched with compassion for the sufferings of Eugenio, and at the same time terrified at observing, in the unhappy youth, the same bewildered look that had struck his attention the first moment he beheld him, would not quit him for an instant: and endeavoured, by the most affectionate discourses, and solicitous attentions, to assuage that grief which seemed to undermine, to its very source, the vital existence of him who was the victim of it.

Not a single tear had moistened the pallid cheeks of Eugenio. He listened in silence to the consoling words of Father Genaro, nor expressed a sign of emotion even when he pronounced the loved name of Virginia. He passed whole days, absorbed in a profound reverie, which never left him but to give place to violent convulsions. At those moments four men were scarce sufficient to confine him to his bed.

Father Genaro, to whom an indulgent compassion for the weakness of his fellow-creatures, an enlightened piety, and particularly an intimate knowledge of the human heart, had afforded, perhaps in a degree superior to any other, the means of combining and foreseeing the crisis of a violent grief, of observing all its shades and modifications, of discovering, even in its incoherences, the sensation from which it had sprung, and by a certain and infallible series of observation, of exploring the secret workings of nature, studied in silence every emotion of Eugenio.—"My son," said he one day, "hitherto I have pitied your sorrows. I have experienced an addition of grief at the idea that you have still a long period of suffering to endure; for you have scarce entered upon the career of life, and there is every prospect that your abode on this stage of misery will be prolonged for many years. But I perceive that you are

on the point of sinking under the most dreadful blow with which Providence can afflict you."

Eugenio started, and looked stedfastly at Father Genaro; for the first time since the fatal moment when he heard of the death of Virginia, an emotion, something like joy, sparkled in his eyes.

"Yes," continued Father Genaro, "it appears to me impossible that death should not soon put a period to the cruel grief which consumes you. But, my son," added the respectable and pious Monk, "have you thought of the eternity that awaits you? Do you think you are worthy to partake in that heavenly reward which doubtless your Virginia now enjoys? Is it by abandoning yourself, without an effort, to the effects of a guilty despair, that you flatter yourself with the hope of hereafter joining her who is the object of your regret?"

Eugenio heaved a deep sigh, pressed the hands of Father Genaro, and appeared extremely agitated.

The worthy Monk took advantage of the moment, in order to probe to the quick the bleeding wound in the heart of Eugenio. He spoke to him of Virginia, wept with him at the loss he had sustained, and drew so affecting and faithful a picture of the sentiments that oppressed the spirit of the unhappy youth, that he produced at last all the effect he desired.

Tears flowed from the eyes of Eugenio. Exclamations and complaints succeeded this first emotion of his despair. —"Ah! tell me—repeat to me that I shall again be united to her! My friend, my worthy friend how anxious is my soul to hear again those consoling words which you have just uttered!"

Father Genaro pressed him in his arms, and mingled his tears with his; talked of his Virginia, and never failed, on every occasion, to describe in glowing colours the ineffable tranquility imparted to a heart rent with grief by the consolations of religion.

The amiable and sensible soul of Eugenio soon yielded to the desire he had of being constantly with his respectable friend, of following his counsels, and submitting to his mild exhortations. His despair was succeeded by the most fervent piety; and it was by encouraging the desire he felt of again beholding his beloved Virginia, that he daily prepared himself to appear before the throne of the Eternal.

Time at length calmed the excess of his grief; but a profound sadness, a constant paleness that overspread his countenance, announced Virginia was ever present to his thoughts. He spoke of her every day to Father Genaro. Every day he walked beneath the walls of the Abbey of San Cipriano, and stopped before the door where Virginia was to have met him. He would contemplate it for whole hours, and then return to the Convent with his eyes bathed in tears.

(To be continued.)

Origin of Thanksgiving Days in New-England.

THERE is a tradition, that in the planting of New England, the first settlers met with many difficulties and hardships, as is general the case when a civilized people attempt establishing themselves in a wilderness country. Being piously disposed, they sought relief from Heaven, by laying their wants and distresses before the Lord in frequent set-days of fasting and prayer. Constant meditation and discourse on these subjects kept their minds gloomy and discontented; and, like the children of Israel, there were many disposed to return to that Egypt which persecution had induced them to abandon. At length, when it was proposed in the assembly to proclaim another fast, a farmer of plain sense rose, and remarked that the inconveniences they suffered, and concerning which they had so often wearied Heaven with their complaints, were not so great as they might have expected, and were diminishing every day as the colony strengthened; that the earth began to reward their labour, and to furnish liberally for their subsistence; that the seas and rivers were found full of fish, the air sweet, the climate healthy; and, above all, that they were there in the full enjoyment of liberty, civil and religious: he therefore thought, that reflecting and conversing on these subjects would be more comfortable, as tending more to make them contented with their situation; and that it would be more becoming the gratitude they owed to the Divine Being, if, instead of a fast, they should proclaim a thanksgiving. His advice was taken; and from that day, to this they have, in every year, observed circumstances of public felicity sufficient to furnish employment for a

thanksgiving day, which is therefore constantly ordered, and religiously observed.

ON FASHIONS.

WHAT is the object of Fashion in all the changes which she dictates? What, but to improve the modes of amusement, dress, furniture, &c. still nearer to that perfection in which they must subsist in the highest state of refinement and civility to which mankind shall attain; and to accomodate men's habits and manners to those vicissitudes of Nature, those varieties of condition, and that progress of knowledge and the arts, to whose influence life is ever unavoidably subject?

Only suppose the same modes of dress, furniture, &c. were universally and invariably prevalent;—What a dull spiritless scene would society every where present! Does not even inanimate Nature change the fashion of her robes, in the vicissitudes of her scenes, in the changes of day and night, in all the varieties of storms and fair weather, much oftener than even the most charming and fantastic female leader of fashion in the gayest circles.

What sprightliness of fancy does it imply, to be able to invent from day to day new and still more graceful combinations of colours, stuffs, figures, &c. in the dress of a charming woman! The tasteful leader of fashion possesses more than the most admired poets, of that divine elasticity and vivacity of imagination which constitute the best perfection of human genius.

Nay, even the worst enemies of fashion incessantly, though inconsistently, call for those changes which she prescribes. They never like the hat, the gown, the cut of the hair, the modes of amusement, at any one time prevalent. Fashion listens to their complaints, yields to their caprices, throws aside what they dislike. But still the splenetic sulky brutes are as much out of humour as before; So absurdly inconsistent with themselves are the worst foes of

FASHION.

Medical Communication on the disease of scolding.

FROM the days of the Spectator to the present time, periodical writers have indulged in invectives against scolding, from an evident misconception of the true nature, principles, and practice of scolding. Much light has never been thrown upon the subject; but as I have made it my particular study for the last five-and-thirty years, that is, ever since I entered into the happy state of matrimony, I hope I shall have it in my power to dispel the darkness of ignorant and persecuting times, and contribute something to eradicate those unreasonable prejudices, which many gentlemen of our own days entertain against scolding.

The theory of scolding has been grossly mistaken. That which is a disease has been considered as a fault; whereas, in fact, scolding is a disease, principally of the lungs; and when the noxious matter has been long pent up, it affects the organs of speech in a very extraordinary manner, and is discharged with a violence which, while as to lieves the patients, tends very much to disturb and fri this the beholders, or persons that happen to be within h in the

Such is my *theory* of scolding; and if we exan the appearances which it presents in different fami pecting shall find that they will all confirm this doctrine. he untherefore, the greatest cruelty, and the greatest igno affect- to consider it as a crime. A person may as well be c ance, ed in gaol for a fever, or transported for the gout, as of ished for scolding, which is, to all intents and purposes, ll disease arising from the causes already mentioned.

Nor is it only a disease of itself, but it is also, when improperly treated, the cause of many other disorders Neglected scoldings have often produced fits, consumptions of the lungs, and those dreadful hysterical disorders which, if not speedily fatal, at least embitter the lives of many worthy members of society. All these evils might have been averted, if the faculty had considered scolding in the light of a disease, and had treated it accordingly. In pursuance of my theory, I now proceed to the

SYMPTOMS.

The symptoms of scolding are these; a quick pulse, generally about one hundred beats in a minute; the eyes considerably inflamed, especially in persons who are fat, a flushing in the face, very often to a great degree; at other times, in the course of the fit, the colour goes and comes in a most surprising manner; an irregular, but violent motion of the hands and arms, and a stamping with the right foot: the voice exceedingly loud, and as the disorder advances, it becomes hoarse and inarticulate; and the whole frame is agitated. After these symptoms have continued for some time, they gradually, and in some cases very suddenly, go off; a plentiful effusion of water comes from the eyes, and the patient is restored to health; but the disorder leaves a considerable degree of weakness, and a peculiar foolishness of look. The memory too is, I conceive, somewhat impaired; the patient appears to retain a very imperfect recollection of what passed, and if put in mind of any circumstances, obstinately denies them. These symptoms, it may be supposed, will vary considerably in different patients, but where they appear at one time, there can be very little doubt of the disorder.

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PREDISPOSING CAUSES.

in the | diseases, a knowledge of the predisposing causes night, found to assist us in the cure. In the present case, oftener uses are, irritability of the vascular system, an exleader of the passions, and a moderate deficiency of natural

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OCCASIONAL CAUSES.

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charr occasional causes of scolding are many. Among mo may be enumerated the throwing down of a china a on, misplacing a hat, or a pair of gloves, over-doing the meat; underdoing the same; spilling the soup; letting the fire go out; mistaking the hour, &c. &c. with many others, which I do not think it very necessary to enumerate, because, whatever the occasional cause may be, the symptoms are the same, and the mode of cure the same.

CURE.

Various remedies have been thought of for this distemper, but all hitherto of the rough and violent kind, which, therefore, if they remove the symptoms for the present, have a greater disposition towards the disorder than before.

As the chief intention of this paper was to prove that scolding is a disease, and not a fault, I shall not enlarge on

the mode of cure; because the moment my theory is adopted, every person will be able to treat the disorder *secundum artem*.

But it is now expedient that I should state a matter of very great importance in the prevention of this disorder, and which I have left till now, that my arguments on the subject may appear distinct, and may be comprehended under one view. It is commonly supposed, and indeed has often been asserted, that this disorder is peculiar to one only of the sexes; and I trust I need not add, what sex that is. But although it may be true that they are most liable to it, yet it is certain, from the theory laid down respecting the predisposing causes, that the men are equally in danger. Why then do we not find as many males afflicted with scolding as we do females? For this plain reason;—scolding, as proved above, is the effect of a certain noxious matter pent up. Now this matter engenders in men, as well as in women; but the latter have not the frequent opportunities for discharging it, which the men enjoy. Women are, by fashion and certain confined modes of life, restrained from all those public companies, clubs, assemblies, coffee-houses, &c. &c. where the men have a continual opportunity of discharging the cause of the disorder, without its ever accumulating in so great a quantity as to produce the symptoms I have enumerated. This, and this only is the cause why the disease appears most often in the female sex.

"Thus much I have ventured to advance respecting scolding, and I hope that I shall succeed in abating the unreasonable prejudices which have been fostered by an affected superiority in our sex, joined to a portion of ignorance, which, to say the least, renders that superiority a matter of great doubt. I have only to add, that my motives for all this have been perfectly disinterested, and that I shall be very happy to give advice to any person labouring under the disorder. Letters (post paid) may be addressed to

CELSUS BOERHAAVE, M. D.

Letter from a Widower to his intended Spouse.

MY DEAR BETT,

SINCE we have agreed to be married, I hope you will not think the worse of me, for telling you before-hand

what I shall expect of you. As I have been married before, it must be construed an apology, for what would otherwise be considered as an act of rudeness. Man and woman are formed for each other, and it is their duty to promote their mutual happiness: but the major part of your sex frequently mistake their aim, and, by neglecting to cultivate and improve those means which first inspired their husbands with love and affection for them, lay the foundation of their own misery and uneasiness.

"You must be very sensible how much your sex value themselves upon their beauty, and how very inattentive they are to the improvement of their minds. Where we meet with one lady who has studied how to embellish and set off the charms of her person with the graces of the mind, we fall in with fifty who think they were born only to be admired. By Jove, a man may as well have a picture, or a statue, to look at, as a woman of this sort; the former will always be the same; but the latter will become a mere remnant of beauty, unhappy at the recollection of what she was; additionally so, in being disgusting to her husband.

Did fine ladies study their own happiness more than they do they would not be so very indifferent about the improvement of their understanding. A pretty person is very agreeable but it will not last for ever; and if it would a lady of any reflection must very soon be convinced that a married station is subject to difficulties and distresses, which call for something more than beauty to alleviate and remove. This is the critical period. The husband either condemns his own folly for having connected himself with a mere doll, or thanks Heaven for the choice he has made in fixing upon a partner for life who can sympathize with him in all his adversity, or be jointly partaker of his happiness. A lady of this stamp heightens and increases every pleasure of his life; a woman like this is worth living for. But, alas! how wretched must that husband be, who, when he most needs the assistance of his wife, finds her the least capable of affording him any. The disappointment becomes the more intolerable by a man's reflecting,—that his understanding has been imposed on in the choice he has made. This brings on disgust, creates indifference, and there ends all their happiness.

Farewell, dear Bett. If I did not think thee possessed

of many great qualities, heightened by a virtuous education, I would never have fixed on thee for a wife.——

"Thine most sincerely,

"M. T."

Plan for the Emancipation of the Fair Sex.

WHILE continual improvements are making in the arts and sciences, it must be afflictive to every noble mind to behold the degraded state of the most beautiful part of the human species. Our women excel those of any other nation in the world in beauty; but, alas! while their exterior charms are cultivated with the utmost care, their energetic minds continue enchained by custom. A few individuals indeed, have passed the boundaries defined by their male tyrants; but, for want of unanimity, their efforts have hitherto been unable to re-establish their natural equality.

Some philosophic females have illustrated their claim to equality by instances from history of renowned heroines. Queen Elizabeth has been mentioned as a proof of female excellence. Roger Ascham assures us, that she was a proficient in Greek and Latin; and, doubtless, she practised gymnastics with success; nay, she was an adept in the art of boxing, as the Earl of Essex found to his cost! A late Empress of the North has also been extolled for superiority of talents. That mind must have been powerful, indeed, which maintained an unlimited authority over the whiskered legions of Russia.

Even in the most polished nations, female influence is the grand mover which actuates the political and the social body. Still, however, though possessed of the power, the ladies would willingly relinquish that authority which they have so long enjoyed by courtesy, in order to appear formally on the theatre of the world merely as the equals of man.

When the Fair Sex are re-established in their rights, a more general diffusion of knowledge will prevail, and the

talents now wasted on romances and plays may be employed on the nobler subjects of civil polity or philosophy. As a previous step, it will be necessary for the lovely claimants to petition the legislature to sanction their emancipation by law. Of the success of this application there will remain no doubt, when we reflect that many of the petitioners formerly nursed, caressed, and occasionally chastised, several of our youthful senators. Would not any gallant man, like Coriolanus, rather forget his own power, than behold a mother sue in vain? and, if the spirit of chivalry is not entirely extinguished, will not the supplication of a wife or mistress be irresistibly eloquent in the cause of female liberty?

This point gained, it will be expedient to found a college for the instruction of females in the arts and sciences. But, although many of our ladies have been celebrated for castle-building, we have never heard of an university erected by female skill; it will, therefore, be requisite to employ the best architects to erect an edifice, which, for extent and magnificence, may stand as a noble monument of the munificence, of this enlightened age.

When the fabric is completed, the institution of several colleges and the installation of a female chancellor, &c. are to take place. For the better preservation of female rights, the professors should all be enjoined celibacy. No man should be permitted to enter this temple of female wisdom and genius. Whatever works the fair sages may publish from time to time, will, doubtless, be read with avidity; and if their ethics resemble the romances and poems which many of them have already produced, we may expect many valuable acquisitions of knowledge. In rhetoric, the female professors, will, doubtless, excell our most eminent senators and lawyers; for, if the eloquence of woman be now so powerful, how resistless will it be when improved by study and exalted by emulation.

Young women entrusted to the tution of female philosophers in this university, may when they become mothers, instruct their children in the rudiments of knowledge, preparatory to their being sent to college; and thus a gradual increase of wisdom, and consequently, of happiness, will be diffused throughout the community.

O.

ON DUELLING.

EVER since the spirit of the first-born Cain took possession of the baser passions of the human heart, murders have been frequent in every age and country. But the uncorrupted feelings of mankind beheld the murderer with horror; his revengeful and malicious or tyrannical principles were detested; and every nation felt and acknowledged the Divinity of the command, *Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.* It was left for the dark monkish ages of superstition, when a total ignorance of the principles of morality benighted Europe, to contrive and patronize the method of blending injustice, revenge and murder, with the ideas of manly courage and high spirited honour. In those ages, when the gross conceptions of princes and judges were unable to comprehend the plainest maxims of jurisprudence, an appeal to the sword and to heaven was devised, and the consequences were worthy of the source from whence they flowed. When a Baron was accused of traitorous practices, his remedy was not by proving the falsehood of the accusation by circumstances and facts, that was a business too deep for these gross and rude ages; single combat must determine on whose side the truth lay, and the accused gentleman though he might be perfectly innocent, had no redress but by risking his life against that of a desperate villain; and the Kings and Peers of Europe appeared in solemn pomp, the first as umpire, and the other as witnesses of the appeal to arms and the interference of God. If the innocent party fell, which was no doubt often the case, his guilt was firmly believed, and his family was disgraced and ruined. Nay, what is more extraordinary than accusations of treason being thus tried, even charges of bastardy and claims of inheritance were decided by the single combat; and the universal ideas of his valour, his loyalty and honour, gratified the pride of the ferocious conqueror.

Such is the parentage of Duelling, a fiend begotten by Revenge upon Pride, and nursed by false honour; a fiend which, though ferocious and cruel as a tyger rushing on his prey, pretends to be the guardian of society, at the very time that its selfish, ungenerous, and base constructions are the disturbers of the community, and constitute not the least of the evils attendant on civilized life.

ON THE LOVE OF TRUTH.

THE love of truth appears to be a disposition natural to the human heart. No one can be willing to be deceived, unless either avarice, sensuality, or prejudice have perverted his understanding, and rendered him unwilling to receive certain truths, which one or other of these causes may have made disagreeable.

It cannot possibly be doubted, but that truth must, on the whole, be more beneficial than falsehood. It therefore concerns every one, as he values his own permanent happiness, to guard against all impediments to the reception of truth, and to keep the love of it ever predominant in his mind.

Too eager a pursuit after wealth must, in this respect, have a pernicious influence on the mind. It cannot but render it averse to such truths as may not be perfectly compatible with its present interest. It must cause a reluctance to acknowledge the obligation of those duties which may in some degree obstruct the acquisition of this favourite article.

Nearly in the same manner is sensuality prejudicial to the love and reception of truth. It would be a difficult task to persuade its votaries that they exceed the bounds which reason prescribes: that a more restrained indulgence would better enable them to be useful to others, and in the end would be most advantageous to themselves.

Besides, a love of sensual pleasures has a natural tendency to indispose the mind for the relish of those pleasures which are purely intellectual; which result from the acquisition of knowledge and the discovery of truth. Minds which are taken up with this sordid pursuit, are too mean and grovelling to have any relish of sublimer satisfactions. They are more nearly allied to brutes than to rational beings.

That prejudice is extremely unfavourable to the reception of truth, cannot be doubted. Whoever is prejudiced in favour of some opinions, and against others, cannot pos-

sibly be capable of investigating the grounds of them with impartiality. On one side, the force of good arguments will not be admitted; on the other very weak ones will be thought sufficiently conclusive.

However strong the prejudices of any one may be, he supposes himself in possession of the truth. The arguments in favour of his own opinions appear so convincing to him, that he thinks it only owing to incapacity, or peevishness, that they are not equally so to others. This, I think, is a proof that all are agreed in acknowledging the importance of truth, though they differ so widely about the truth of opinions.

Whoever finds himself strongly attached to any set of opinions, should reflect how many there are (and some of them at least equally qualified with himself to form an accurate judgment) who have considered the same subject in a different light. This might serve to dispel the mist of prejudice, and enable him to consider the arguments on the opposite side with candour and impartiality.

The variety of opinions which prevail in the world, and even amongst the most learned and considerate, are a striking proof that no knowledge, ability, or caution in determining, is an absolute security against error. How then ought they to suspect the truth of their own opinions, who adhere to those in which they have been educated, perhaps without ever giving themselves the trouble to consider what may be urged against them? It is possible that others may be wrong; it is very improbable that *they* should be right; if they be, it must be owing to their good fortune, and not to their enquiries after truth.

As the importance of truth appears to be so universally acknowledged, whatever may be the subject of enquiry, I should hope it is needless to use any arguments to persuade people to keep their minds in the best disposition they can for the reception of it, and to be industrious in their search after it. If we exert our best endeavours, we shall at least have the satisfaction of reflecting, that whatever mistakes we may possibly labour under, they are not the effects of our own obstinacy, or of our own negligence.

Song.

POOR FAITHFUL WILL.

Poor faithful Will, alas the day
That Ellen stole thy heart away,
That first the fair by thee was seen
Reclin'd beneath the willow green;
There first her cherry lips you press'd,
Here first thine met her throbbing breast,
Ah me, Ah me, such joys are fled,
The lovely, blooming maid is dead.

Beneath her snowy bosom lay
A heart that ne'er from truth did stray,
A heart from pride and folly free,
It beat with matchless love for thee.
Oh the fond hopes that fill'd my soul,
The fate that such a treasure stole,
The sire that robb'd me of the fair,
And left me phrenzy and despair.

She's dead! she's dead! her spotless soul
Bow'd to the tyrant sire's controul;
She bade her Will a sad adieu!
And to her God the Angel flew.
Willow with thee I'll ever weep
My woes like thine shall never sleep,
With thee, be rough or mild the sky,
Willow with thee I'll ever sigh.

POETRY.

OBIDAH,

OR

THE JOURNEY OF A DAY.

THRO' Hindo's plains, abroad at early day,
Obidah journey'd on his length'ning way;
Refresh'd with rest, gay hope his speed advanc'd,
As o'er the green his footsteps lightly danc'd.
The morning song of paradisial birds
Mingled with lowing sound of distant herds:
The fluttering breeze effusive spices shed,
And dewy odours fann'd him as they fled.

The towering oak, the forest's hoary king;
The primrose, humble herald of the spring,
By turns engag'd, as grateful fancy view'd:
And charm'd the rigors of the road pursued.

Onward he went, till high the mid-day sun,
In blazing splendor half his course had run;
And thirst, fatiguing, taught his feet to stray,
Where nodding groves held out a fairer way;
The sultry vapours cool'd amidst the shade;
Fresh, flowery verdure bloom'd along the glade:
The devious path, inviting seem'd to lead
In equal windings, and with equal speed:
Thus business might with pleasure be combin'd,
And labour's gifts acquir'd with peace of mind:
Obidah on, with ardent footsteps press'd
The spreading turf; nor stay'd his speed to rest,
Except where matted trees impervious flung
Inviting shades, where golden linnets sung,
Or where the luscious grape purpurial grew,
Or creeping melon of cameleon hue,
Or fragrant flowers held out alluring sweets,
To stay the fervour of the noontide heats.
The path at length new involutions took,
Diverging gently to a distant brook,
Midst winding cliffs, by hanging thickets crown'd,
And fountains murmur'd in the shades around.

Here paus'd Obidah, cautious, on his way,
Lest tracks like these should tempt his feet to stray.
But now he knew the plain breath'd subtle fire,
And parching sun-beams scatter'd fierce their ire,
The path before him might evolving lead,
With equal ending, tho' with varied speed.

In ease confirm'd, yet still with doubting mind
He forward press'd; or careless, lagg'd behind—

His doubts to charm, he mounted every hill,
Then turning, listen'd to the tinkling rill;
Or stopp'd to mark the spangling fountains play,
Or caught the echoes ere they died away;
Or from some height the meandering river trac'd
To distant regions, thro' a flowery waste.
Uncounted, thus the hours light pinion'd flew
And volant fancy skipp'd from view to view:
Till lost, bewilder'd in a doubtful maze,
Confus'd, nor this, nor that, the road displays.

Then paus'd Obidah, pensive and aghast,
Aware the time of loitering now was past
While thus he stood in anxious fear perplex'd,
And to the coming night new fears annex'd; [spread;
Black grew the heavens, with labouring clouds o'er-
The muttering thunders broke around his head.
Regretting now (when each regret was vain)
The childish ease which drew him from the plain:
Where, tho' no verdant pleasures gaily smil'd,
The road uneven, and the prospect wild,
It led to Delhi, where he hop'd to know
Joys such as friendship, love, and home bestow.

He turn'd, to tread again the mazy ground,
If no near opening to the plain were found.
But first, in lowly suppliance press'd the earth
To Him obedient, who gave Nature birth.
Then calm, confiding rose, and, undismay'd,
Drew forth his polish'd sabre's shining blade.
For now was heard the fierce hyena's howl,
The lions roaring, and the tygers growl:
Expiring victims shrieking in despair,
And savage rapine rent the tortured air.

Loud roar'd the winds, low bow'd the forest's pride,
Thunders deep echoed from the mountain's side:
Lightnings sulphureous thro' the darkness gleam'd,
Descending rains in hissing torrents stream'd.

Black swelled the floods, wide o'er their straiten'd bed,
In tumbling horror, from the mountain's head;
And wild destruction thro' the vallies hurl'd,
Like parting floodgates on a deluged world.

Forlorn, thro' wilds, by angry Nature press'd,
Obidah sought, but found no place for rest:
His trembling knees their labor then deny,
His breath grew short, or heaved a deepening sigh;
His fainting sight refused to point the way,
And night surcharg'd his soul in grim array.
Resign'd, and yielding to his fearful doom,
A distant taper glimmer'd thro' the gloom.
With faultering pace, thro' tangled brambles torn,
Thro' rattan pailings, shrubb'd with prickly thorn,
The youth espied an humble dwelling reared,
Whose sheltering roof his dreary prospect cheer'd

With suppliant voice he claim'd the stranger's right,
And gain'd admission from the howling night.
With smiles the ancient host receiv'd his guest;
Now dried his garments, now his hunger press'd:
The roasted plantain with rich figs supplied,
And milk of cocoa in delectuous tide.
Obidah, grateful, nature's wants assuaged,
When thus the Dervise all his thoughts engaged.

"Say, wandering youth, what chance thy steps hath led,
Where beasts alone the secret forest tread;
Where twenty years have roll'd their circuits by,
Since man's fair image stood before mine eye?"
With downward look Obidah then reveal'd
His vagrant folly, nor his fault conceal'd.
Again the Dervise, with persuasive tongue,
And kindest accents, to advise begun.

"My son, from follies past, from danger o'er,
We learn experience, and we stray no more.

Life's varied round, commix'd of sad and gay,
Is but the journey of a summer's day.
We rise at morn---when youth with ardor fir'd,
Pursues with vigour what is most admir'd:
Grasps each gay vision as it onward plays,
Nor from the path of Truth and Virtue strays.
In time relaxing as we wish to share
With mirth and folly half our load of care;
At distant crime no more we gaze as such,
But eager grasp what once we feared to touch:
Thus led to shades, where ease desidious strays,
And soft repose its varied charms displays;
The yielding heart beats high with new delight,
And secret wishes prompt where joys invite.
We hope at first to taste, and then retire,
But still insatiate, want succeeds desire:
Temptation only to temptation leads;
And new compliance to the last succeeds.
Entranc'd in pleasure's fascinating toils,
The heart from bashful innocence recoils;
To drown remorse, we drain the sensual bowl,
And with mad riot taint the virgin soul.
Thus age creeps o'er us with his mantle, night,
Or quick disease arrests with sudden blight—
Then stung with horror, we repent in pain,
And wish and weep, and weep and wish in vain:
For who once stray'd from Reason's proper bound,
Ere to return, the heaven-born courage found?
Thrice happy they, who learn from thee, my son,
When strength is wasted, and when day is done,
That yet some effort if sincerely made,
Propitiating heaven may kindly aid.
Go now, dear youth, this night repose in peace,
Nor let thy trust in Alla ever cease;
And when the morning sun impearls the dew,
Thy journey and thy life begin anew."

SPECULATION.

TO cheat the world two speculators come;
One deals in Wheat, the other deals in Rum,
Which is the greateſt Rogue, dear Sir explain
The Rogue in ſpirit, or the Rogue in grain.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS.

"YOU are old, Father William, the young man cried,
The few locks that are left you are grey;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth would fly faſt,
And abus'd not my health and my vigour at firſt.
That I never might need them at laſt.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And pleaſures with youth paſs away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reaſon I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth could not laſt;
I thought on the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the paſt.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And life muſt be haſtening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converſe upon death!
Now tell me the reaſon I pray?

I am cheerful, young, man, Father William replied,
Let the cauſe thy attention engage;

In the days of my youth I remember'd my God!
And He hath not forgotten my age."

S.

THE ROYAL ARCH.

WHEN orient *Wisdom* beam'd serene,
And pillar'd *Strength* arose—
When *Beauty* ting'd the glowing scene,
And faith her mansion chose---
Exulting bands the Fabric view'd;
Mysterious powers ador'd;
And high the *Triple Union* stood,
That gave the *Mystic word.*

Pale Envy wither'd at the sight,
And frowning o'er the pile,
Call'd Murder up from realms of night,
To blast the glorious toil.
With ruffian outrage join'd in woe,
They form the league abhorr'd;
And wounded Science felt the blow,
That crush'd the *Mystic Word.*

Concealment from sequester'd cave,
On sable pinions flew;
And o'er the sacrilegious grave,
Her veil impervious threw.
Th' associate band in solemn state,
The awful loss deplor'd;
And wisdom mourn'd the ruthless fate,
That whelm'd the *Mystic Word.*

At length, thro' Time's expanded sphere,
Fair Science speeds her way,
And warm'd by Truth's refulgence clear
Reflects the kindred ray.---

A second Fabric's towering height,
Proclaims the Sign restor'd;
From whose foundation--- brought to light,
Is drawn the *Mystic Word.*

To depths obscure, the favour'd *Trine,*
A dreary course engage---
Till thro' the Arch, the ray divine,
Illumes the sacred page!
From the wide wonders of this blaze.
Our Ancient Signs restor'd;
The Royal Arch alone displays,
The long lost *Mystic Word.*

LINES BY A FATHER,

ADDRESSED TO HIS INFANT DAUGHTER, A-SLEEP.

SWEET be thy slumbers, gentle babe,
And soothing all thy little dreams,
Unruffled as that lovely face,
Where dove-like innocence all beams.

Safe beneath thy father's roof,
And pressing now thy father's bed;
With fond affection he can draw
The silky covering o'er thy head.

Loud howls the wind, but not a blast
Across thy tender frame shall sweep;
Down comes the rain, but not a drop
Shall wet my Emma in her sleep.

The sheltering thatch shall guard thee well
From each external *present* harm;
And may thy *future* steps in life
Be guarded by an heavenly arm.

Long on thy cheek may roses bloom,
If gracious heaven should so permit;
But longer still, thy gentle breast
Be every virtue's lovely seat.